

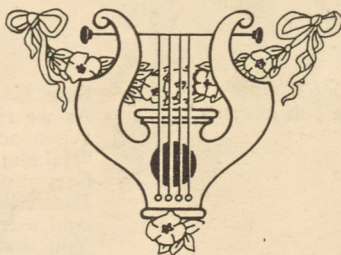


Trail Riders
of the
Canadian Rockies



Millen

SONG SHEET



1931

Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

SONG SHEET

1

O CANADA!

O Canada! Our home, our native land,
True Patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

Chorus

O Canada! glorious and free,
We stand on guard,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! we stand on guard for thee.

2

COFFEE BOY

(Tune—*Water Boy*)

Coffee boy, where are you hiding?
If you don't a-come, gwine tella yoh mammy!

There ain't no pony
That's on-a this mountain
That ride-a like mine, boys,
That ride-a like mine!
Done cross the ford, boys,
Done climb on the passes
All up on the trail, boys,
All up on the trail.

You ace o' Di'monds,
Yo' ace o' Di'monds
I know you of old, boys,
I know you of old:
You got my heart more,
You gotta my heart more,
You gotta my heart more
Than silver or gol'.

Coffee boy, where are you hiding?
If you don't a-come, gwine tell yoh mammy,
coffee boy.

3 JEANINE, I DREAM OF SUPPERTIME

(Tune—*Jeanine, I Dream of Lilactime*)

Jeanine, I dream of suppertime,
Your soup that steams at suppertime,
Your tender steak and beans warming in the pot,
Your jam and cake, your coffee that's always hot;
Jeanine, my queen of suppertime,
Your spotted dog is superfine,
Whene'er I chew, I think lovingly of you
And dream, Jeanine, of suppertime.

4

PRUNE SONG

(Adapted Chorus)

No matter how young a prune may be,
It's always full of wrinkles—
Some may swear by orange juice,
When they want to reduce;
Chefs may serve up omelettes
As airy as a dream—
Breakfast is not what it was
Unless with prunes and cream.

5

DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS

(Tune—*Deep in My Heart, Dear.*—from "The Student Prince")

Deep in the mountains
There is a tent for two,
Where in the starlight
I am a-dreaming of you;
Though trails may sever
Let us remember for ever
Deep in the mountains
There is a tent for two.

6

HALLELUJAH

(Tune—*Hallelujah*)

Sing Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
As we ride the miles away.
When aches pursue ya,
"Hallelujah!"
Gets you through the longest day.
Bacon lies a-sizzlin'
And a-frizzlin'
You don't say!
So "Hallelujah!"
"Hallelujah!"
Helps to put the eats away.

7

WHEN IRISH SPUDS ARE B'ILING

(Tune—*When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*)

When Irish spuds are b'iling
And there's onions in the stew,
And the Irish cook is smiling
In the way that Irish do,
And he adds a ton of pepper
Just to make the world seem gay,
Oh, when Irish spuds are b'iling
Sure the appetite's okay!

8

RIDING TO THE GREAT DIVIDE

(Tune—*Cryin' for the Carolines*)

What is the song I have in my heart
As over the trails I ride?
Anyone can see what's beckoning me,
I'm riding to the Great Divide.
Where is the brook that breaks on the pass,
Tumbling on either side?
Anyone can see what's beckoning me,
I'm riding to the Great Divide.
How can I smile mile after mile
And be so bright and cheery?
Something I know makes me feel so,
I never feel a-weary.
There is a gal who said if I came
There she would be my bride—
Anyone can see what's beckoning me,
I'm riding to the Great Divide.

9 **THE LAKE THAT IS SO GREEN**

(Tune—*The Wearing of the Green*)

O Daddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The stillest lake in all the world has now at last been found.
It lies up near the Great Divide, the mountains in between;
You see them all reflected in the surface so serene.
I met with Mrs. Jackson and she took me by the hand,
And she said "What price a mirror now? And doesn't it look grand?"
There is no more restful country that ever yet was seen
Than is the lake called Emerald because it is so green.

And set beside the water there's a Chalet can be seen,
With cabins full of cosy beds and blankets warm and clean.
And since the most important thought is how we shall be fed,
I'll tell you that the Chalet is the home of fancy bread;
There's shortbread and there's oatcakes and the lovely kinds of cake
That cooks that come to Canada from good old Scotland bake.
It's the most digestful country that ever yet was seen;
This lovely lake called Emerald because it is so green.

10 **WHEN IT'S TRAIL TIME IN THE ROCKIES**

(Tune—*When It's Spring Time in the Rockies*)

When it's Trail time in the Rockies
I'll come riding back to you,
For I'm fed up with the talkies,
And I want to talk to you;
I'll forget what price the stock is
In the markets far away,
When it's Trail time in the Rockies,
In the Rockies I shall play.

11 **LAKE LOUISE**

(Tune—*Think on Me*)

Throned in an Alpine eyrie
Lake Louise!
Reigns like a Queen of faery
Lake Louise!
In sweet surrender
To stars that tend her,
And sapphires lend her,
Lake Louise!
Lake, Oh Lake Louise! Lake Louise!

Lo, in her cool Dominion
Lake Louise!
Pillow'd on snowy pinion,
Lake Louise!
Enchantment choosing
Her spell diffusing,
The world bemusing,
Lake Louise!
Lake, Oh Lake Louise! Lake Louise!

Dawn with the ruby fingers,
Lake Louise!
Banters the night that lingers,
Lake Louise!
The charm fulfilling,
New grace instilling,
New jewels spilling,
Lake Louise!
Lake, Oh Lake Louise! Lake Louise!

12 **OH! DAT GOLDEN SADDLE**
(Tune—*Oh! Dem Golden Slippers*)

Oh, dat golden saddle,
Oh, dat golden saddle,
Dat golden saddle I's gwine to ride
When I get out of gaol.
Oh, dat golden saddle,
Oh, dat golden saddle,
Dat golden saddle I's gwine to stride
When I ride the golden trail.

13 **RIDING OUT TO THE GLACIERS**

(Tune—*Telling it to the Daisies*)

Riding out to the glaciers
Trotting beside you too
Showing how they are melting—
But the heart never melts in you.

What do I do a-riding
Out on the Rocky trails,
Vainly a hope confiding
But I ride on a ride that fails.

Oh,
I'm so in love with you and oh,
I fear you're never gonna know
Unless your pony goes more slow
I know I'm
Wasting a lot of good flesh
Just to keep up with you,
Riding out to the glaciers—
But the heart never melts in you.

14 **CASTLE MOUNTAIN CAMP**

(Tune—*Carolina Moon*)

Castle Mountain Camp, we're coming,
Coming all a-singing on the trail;
Castle Mountain Camp we're humming,
Humming all the songs that never fail;
How we're hoping to-night you'll know
Our appetite must grow—
Don't be too tight,
Sit up all night, please do,
Getting all the good things ready,
Don't say that we come too soon.

15 **DING DONG! TIME TO GET UP**

Official Trail Rider's Song
Music by Harold Eustace Key.

When the minstrels are a-singing,
And the band begins to play;
When the wedding bells are ringing,
In a merry roundelay,
Sure I'm happy then, yet sweeter
Than the music of them all,
Is the song that's sung by Peter,
When he sounds the early call.

Chorus

Ding-Dong! Time to get up! the sun is high and a-sliding
High up over the mountain top, kissing the camp
"Good-morning"
Beans are ready and coffee hot, ponies saddled for riding,
Sing ho! sing ho! sing ho for the trail!

When the ghosts are out a-riding,
On the trails of night they know,
And the world is all a-hiding,
And the campfire burning low;
Then we take it for a token
That it's time asleep to fall,
And our dreams are only broken
When we hear the early call.

THE MOUNTAIN SONG

(Tune—*The Desert Song*)

High mountains and you and I,
A camp kissing a moonlit sky,
Where every tree whispers a lullaby—
Bed of boughs below you
Perfect rest will show you.
Ah! give me a pony strong
To ride the trails as the day is long,
With hearts a-singing
And echoes ringing
The mountain song.

WHAT DO WE DO?

(Tune—*Dew Dew Dewy Day*)

All we do is go out riding
When the sun shines bright and gay,
But what do we do, what do we do
On a dew-dew-dewy-day?
All we do is lots of talking
Where the camp-fire shadows play,
But what do we do, what do we do
On a dew-dew-dewy-day?
Do we laugh? Do we play?
Do we smoke just a little bit,
Sing just a little bit,
Boy, I'll say!
When the tent is warm and cosy
And the town is far away,
Oh, what do we do, what do we do
On a dew-dew-dewy-day?

OLD TRAIL RIDER

(Tune—*Ol' Man River*)

Old trail rider, that old trail rider,
He must know something, he don't say nothing,
He just keeps riding, he keeps on riding along.
He don't wear gaiters nor riding breeches
Though girls that wear 'em look just like peaches,
But old trail rider he just keeps riding along.
You half swore you'd ride no more,
Body all aching and seat all sore.
"How far now?"—"One more mile"—
Keep your pecker up and put on a smile.
Don't get weary and don't get snappy,
For you'll soon harden and feel so happy
Like old trail rider who just keeps riding along.

MY PONY

(Tune—*Ramona*)

My pony, I see the guide a-going strong,
My pony, he's singing out to come along—
I ride you a-stride you
And chide you when you go too slow,
And up hill and down hill
I keep you ever on the go.
My pony, we'll camp beside a waterfall;
My pony, you'll feed where grass is growing tall.
I dread the dawn
When I wake to find you gone—
My pony, I need you, my own!

MY TRUE HEAVEN

(Tune—*My Blue Heaven*)

When whip-poor-wills call
And evening is nigh
I saunter to my
True heaven.
A gentle ascent,
A little white tent,
And there you have my
True heaven.
At night the moonlight falls
Upon the walls
That slope above,
And fairies keep
Secure for sleep
The tent I love.
So give me the bed
Of boughs that are spread,
For camping is my
True heaven!

O LAKE O'HARA

(Tune—*O Sole Mio*)

How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers,
Like molten silver thrown from fairy fountains;
Deep in the forest in a rim of mountains.
How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers!
O Lake of Dreamland,
This kiss I throw!
O Lake O'Hara,
I love you so!
O'Hara, O Lake O'Hara,
I love you so, I love you so!

Beside the campfire when the night has fallen
We watch the stars between the treetops stealing,
The trails of heaven in the lake revealing,
Beside the campfire when the night has fallen.
O Lake of Dreamland,
This kiss I throw!
O Lake O'Hara,
I love you so!
O'Hara, O Lake O'Hara,
I love you so, I love you so!

THE TRAILS OF THE ROCKIES

(Tune—*The Bells of St. Mary's*)

The Trails of the Rockies, whatever betide,
Through meadow and forest the Riders shall ride,
Shall follow the blaze and the rivers shall ford,
Shall clamber the passes in merry accord.

Chorus

The Trails of the Rockies, the broad and the slender,
The high trails, the low trails, in sunshine and rain,
They lead through the wonder of mountainous
splendour,
The glory of our Canada again and again.
And deep in the Rockies our camp we shall pitch,
A tent for our palace, in happiness rich,
And there round the fire in a jovial ring
Our tales we shall tell and our songs we shall sing.
The Trails of the Rockies—etc.

23 WE RIDE THE ROCKY TRAILS

(Tune—*Goodbye, my Lover, Goodbye*)

The Sun is shining in the sky—we ride the Rocky Trails,
The Rockies are to us just what the sea is to the whales.

By-low, my Baby, By-low, my baby,
By-low, my baby—we ride the Rocky Trails.

We wander up the mountain pass, the icy streams we
cross,

We read the blazes on the trees, each one upon a hoss,
And some of us are tourists, and a lot of us are guides,
And if we meet a grizzly bear, you bet the grizzly hides.
By-low, my baby—etc.

And some are from Vancouver and Vancouver Island,
too,

And others from the Prairies, where the sky is always
blue.

And some from Minneapolis, St. Paul, Detroit, New
York,

And all of us get busy when we use a knife and fork.
By-low, my baby—etc.

From Washington, Chicago and Lake Windermere they
come,

And Calgary and Cranbrook till the trails begin to hum.
From Montreal and Winnipeg, and Banff and Lake
Louise,

And Britain sends her quota in a bunch from Overseas.
By-low, my baby—etc.

From Ottawa, Regina and from Brooklyn and St. Louis,
From Boston, Philadelphia and the land of Kangarooes.
We have a charter member who provided us with charts,
And lots of lady members who remind us we have
hearts.

By-low, my baby—etc.

24 OUT YONDER

(*Canadian Version*)

Over the Rocky Mountain trails I know,
Up where the Alpine roses blow,
There are the valleys we can wander through,
There let me honeymoon with you.

Refrain

Out yonder, out yonder, I'll ride the trails with you,
Out yonder we'll wander and bid all care adieu!
We'll roam there; find home there; we'll take a tent
for two
Out yonder, out yonder, where hearts are always true.

Out where the rivers through the canyons flow,
Up where the Yoho forests grow,
There we shall camp beside a lake so blue,
There I shall tell my love to you.

25 ON THE GOOD OLD ROCKY TRAILS

(Tune—*In The Good Old Summer Time*)

On the good old Rocky trails,
On the good old Rocky trails,
Riding with a pretty girl and
Telling her such tales!
You hold her hand and she holds yours
With a love that never fails,
Until your pony bucks you off
On the good old Rocky trails.

26

SADDLE ME UP

(Tune—*Doodle Doo Doo*)

Please sing for me
That sweet melody
Called Saddle Me Up,
Saddle Me Up!
I am a pony
Aged and bony,
Saddle Me Up!
Saddle Me Up!
What though I be a trifle decrepit,
Show me a trail and saddle me up it;
I love it so,
Where'er you go
Just saddle-me-addle-me up!

27 IN AN ALPINE VALE BY AN INDIAN TRAIL

(Tune—*Just a Cottage Small By a Water-fall*)

Chorus

In an Alpine vale by an Indian trail
Round a cosy fire in camp,
With the boughs piled high in a tent nearby
And the moon a silvery lamp;
Then our singing goes a-ringing out
To the snowfields up above.
In an Alpine vale by an Indian trail
Where we live the life we love.

28

SONG OF THE YOHO

(Tune—*The Boatman [Fhir a Bhata]* in "Songs of
the North"; also in the "Scottish Students' Song
Book")

The Falls are roaring down to the river,
The spray is drifting before the breeze,
My hands are upturned to greet the Giver
Who framed the mountains and forest trees.

Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho,
Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho,
Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho,
Where'er I roam I'll return to thee.

The Indian Paintbrush is now adorning
The grassy slides with its red device;
I turn my face to the kiss of morning
That comes so welcome from Paradise.

Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho—etc.

I thread the forest athwart the valley,
I ride the trail so serene and cool,
The little birds in the sunshine sally
Among the fir-tops beside the pool.

Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho—etc.

The shining glaciers in countless ages
Have fed the river and waterfall.
O Takakkaw, when thy spirit rages
I hear the voice of the Giver call.

Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho—etc.

O'HARA

(Tune—Remember)

One little ride
 With you by my side,
 And blue skies overhead;
 One little trail
 By mountain and vale
 Where fairy footsteps tread;
 One little campfire
 Where we are tenting;
 One little chorus,
 No one dissenting.

Chorus

O'Hara,
 The lake, the lake of heavenly wonder!
 O'Hara!
 O'Hara,
 Beneath the avalanche's thunder,
 O'Hara!
 O'Hara with silver waterfalls,
 And echo that o'er the lake recalls
 The music of elfin carnivals—
 Who could forget you, O'Hara?

Deep in the wood,
 In still solitude,
 The emerald waters gleam;
 So debonair,
 What could be so rare
 Save in a fairy's dream?
 Only a jewel
 From a tiara
 Worn by the Snow Queen
 Shines like O'Hara.

29a

THE TRAIL RIDERS

(Tune—The King's Horses)

The Trail Riders, the Trail Men
 Ride up the hills and then ride back again!
 The Trail Riders and the Trail Girls
 Some in Stetsons, some in curls,
 All saddled up with their powder and pearls!
 The Trail Riders, the Trail Men.
 They don't ride where autos go—
 You think them slow—but oh dear no!
 They ride for safety, not for show,
 To penetrate the passes where the mountains grow.
 It's their pleasure, now and then,
 To ride up the hills and then ride back again!
 The Trail Riders and the Trail Men!

30

OVER THE TRAIL

(Tune—Only a Rose)

Over the trail we wander
 Over the hills riding away,
 Over the fire singing in company
 Chorus in camp ending our day;
 Over the trail to linger,
 Telling our love a-new,
 I'll bring along
 A smile and a song
 If I may come
 Over the trail for you!

31 I'M RIDING THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

(Tune—I'm Sitting on Top of the World)

I'm riding the Roof of the World,
 That's where I belong,
 That's where I belong,
 On Trails on the Top of the World,
 Just trotting along
 And singing a Song—
 Won't you join the Chorus?
 I just ride the Mountains
 Until I'm read to fall,
 I just joined the Riders
 With Button and all.
 I'm riding the Roof of the World.
 That's where I belong,
 That's where I belong.

32 BE GLAD YOU CAME ALONG

(Tune—The Sidewalks of New York)

Riding, riding all around the lot,
 You feel like Humpty-Dumpty, and you think you'd
 rather not;
 Pull yourself together, sing a little song—
 Soon you'll like the saddle and be glad you came along.

33 CAN'T TELL WHY I RIDE YOU, BUT I DO

(Tune—I Can't Tell Why I Love You, But I Do)

I can't tell why I ride you, but I do-o-o.
 There's lots of other ponies just as good as you.
 But something in your eye
 Says "You'd better not pass by."
 I can't tell why I ride you, but I do-o-o.

34 I AM A TRAIL RIDER

(Tune—I Want to Be Happy—from "No-No-Nanette")
James—

I'm a very ordinary cuss,
 Never rode upon a motor bus,
 Never rode a trolley but I thought it
 was a silly thing to do.
 When there is a pony to be got,
 You can bet you'll find me on the spot,
 Sitting on the saddle that was meant
 for either me or you.

Refrain

I am a Trail Rider,
 You are a Trail Rider,
 She is a Trail Rider too!
 Ambling along
 With a jest and a song
 There was never a jollier crew!
 Nothing to worry or make us feel blue,
 Just that the days are too few!
 I am a Trail Rider,
 You are a Trail Rider,
 She is a Trail Rider too!

Nanette—

I'm a very ordinary girl,
 Never had a maid my hair to curl,
 Never used a powder-puff because
 it seemed a silly thing to do.
 For I find a pony curls my hair
 When I gallop in the mountain air,
 Bringing all the rosy cheeks I need
 to keep my lover true.

Refrain—As above.

ONE WARM SWEET GLOW(Tune—*Love's Old Sweet Song*)

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall
 When o'er the camp the night began to fall,
 And on the fire the logs were burning low,
 Over our hearts there came a warm, sweet glow;
 And in the tent where fell the flickering gleam
 Softly there rose into our thoughts a dream.

Just a little night cap
 When the fire is low,
 All the dishes washed up
 And to bed we go,
 Though our limbs are weary,
 Sore from thigh to toe,
 Still a little night cap
 Gives one sweet glow,
 Gives one warm sweet glow.

And when to-night we dream that dream of yore
 Down in our shins it may not feel so sore,
 Knees may be shaky, weary from the trails,
 Still we can dream the cure that seldom fails.
 So in the night when firelight shadows fall
 This may be found the sweetest dream of all.

Just a little night cap—etc.

MY PONY IS OUT IN THE OPEN(Tune—*My Bonnie Is Over The Ocean*)

My pony is out in the open,
 My pony is off on a spree,
 My pony is out in the open,
 O bring back my pony to me.

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my pony to me,
 to me.
 Bring back, bring back, O bring back my pony to me.

O run, ye guides, out in the open;
 O run, ye guides, after my gee;
 O tie her up tight with a rope on
 And bring back my pony to me.

The guides have run out in the open;
 The guides have gone after my gee;
 And tied her up tight with a rope on
 And brought back my pony to me.

(Tune—*Follow the Swallow Back Home*)

With a guide
 At my side
 Where am I
 Gonna ride?—
 Follow the trail along home.

Saddle sore,
 Tender feet,
 When am I
 Gonna eat?—
 Follow the trail along home.

When I feel a rest is due me
 And the guide is calling to me,
 If I go and find instead
 Right ahead
 Waiting there
 Grizzly bear—
 Follow the trail along home!

(Tune—*In The Evening By The Moonlight*)

In the mountains by the campfire
 You can hear mosquitos singing;
 In the mountains by the campfire
 You can feel mosquitos stinging:
 How the blighters must enjoy it,
 As we lie all night and listen,
 As they sing in the mountains by the campfire!

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

(Trail Rider's Version)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where I hear my comrades singing
 And the camp-fire gleams.
 There's a long, long night of dozing
 Until the day breaks anew,
 And I start again a-riding
 Down that long, long trail with you.

KEEP THE CAMPFIRE BURNING(Tune—*Keep The Home Fires Burning*)

Keep the Campfire burning,
 Day to night is turning,
 Soon our fancies with the stars in dreams
 shall roam.
 Let the light be glowing,
 Warmth and sleep bestowing,
 Till at last the dawn comes up
 For the long trail home.

WHAT'LL I CHEW(Tune—*What'll I do?*)

What'll I chew?
 When Wrigley's far away
 And Spearmint too,
 What'll I chew?

What'll I chew?
 When all my gum is through
 And candy too,
 What'll I chew?

What'll I chew?
 With just a peppermint
 To share 'twixt me and you.
 What'll I chew?

What'll I chew?
 When teeth are all too few
 And not quite new,
 What'll I chew?

MY MILD-EYED CAYUSE(Tune—*My Wild Irish Rose*)

My mild-eyed Cayuse,
 So gentle and so spruce,
 There's none on the trail
 Walks more like a snail
 Than my mild-eyed Cayuse.
 My mild-eyed Cayuse
 I whip, but what's the use?
 And some day for my sins
 She'll kick out her shins
 And run like a wild-eyed Cayuse.

(Tune—*A-Roving*)

One day upon the C.P.R.
 (Mark well what I do say!)
 Out on an observation car
 I met a moving picture Star
 And she said she went a-riding
 The livelong day.
 A-riding, a-riding, a-riding where the Rockies are,
 She said she went a-riding the livelong day.

I showed her our official chart
 (Mark well what I do say!)
 And I asked her where she meant to start,
 But she answered, "Mister, have a heart!"
 Though she said she went a-riding
 The livelong day.
 A-riding, a-riding, a-riding where the Rockies are,
 She said she went a-riding the livelong day.

She wore her golden hair all loose
 (Mark well what I do say!)
 And her riding breeches looked so spruce—
 She said, "I do it to reduce,
 That's why I go a-riding
 The livelong day."
 A-riding, a-riding, a-riding where the Rockies are,
 She said she went a-riding the livelong day.

I said, "I'll guide you anywhere."
 (Mark well what I do say!)
 But she answered with a freezing air,
 "I ride upon a rocking chair."
 And she said she went a-riding
 The livelong day.
 A-riding, a-riding, a-riding where the Rockies are,
 She said she went a-riding the livelong day.

44 SAY AU REVOIR BUT NOT GOODBYE

Say au revoir but not goodbye
 To this dear land of open sky,
 Where we have found in flowery vales
 The freedom of the mountain trails.
 Though duty calls and we must go
 We'll ride in dreams the trails we know.

In joy or pain, sunshine or rain,
 We love it still, we'll come again.
 Say au revoir but not goodbye,
 We'll come again, so do not sigh.
 In joy or pain, sunshine or rain,
 We love it still, we'll come again.

45 RIDE—RIDE—RIDE

(Tune—*Pack Up Your Troubles*)

Pack up a bottle in your duffle bag
 And ride, ride, ride.
 Keep out a lucifer to light your fag,
 Ride, old timer, ride!
 What's the use of worrying?
 The world is good and wide, so
 Pack up a bottle in your duffle bag
 And ride, ride, ride!

46 WHERE THE ALPINE BLOSSOM BLOWS

(Tune—*Where The River Shannon Flows*)

In a Valley of the Rockies
 The Fairy Shepherd's flock is
 Up so mighty close to heaven
 That the mountain sheep must fly.
 It's a land of lake and river
 Where trees are green for ever
 And the blue is past believing
 In the colour of the sky.

Chorus

Where Alpine flowers are blowing
 Gay and sweet beside the snows,
 On a fragrant trail I'm going
 Where the Indian Paintbrush grows.
 And in lovely summer weather
 My pony I will tether
 And just lie among the heather
 Where the Alpine blossom blows.

You can see the eagle soaring,
 You hear the falls a-roaring,
 As they melt from out the icecaps
 On the peaks so high above.
 And at night across the forest
 The moon swings out with no rest
 On her trail of golden splendour
 O'er the Valley that I love.

47 MY LITTLE MOUNTAIN PONY

(Tune—*My Little Gypsy Sweetheart*)

Ramble on, my little mountain pony,
 Up where the wild deer roam,
 Bring me soon to where beneath the pine trees
 Creeks through canyons foam.
 Ramble on, my little mountain crony,
 Here under heaven's blue dome,
 By cool lake and forest wander,
 Each new Camp our home.

48 WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE BOYS?

Where do we go from here boys?
 Where do we go from here?
 Anywhere that leads us to a bottle of gingerbeer.
 There's some say Banff and Lake Louise,
 And some say Windermere.
 Oh joy! oh boy! Where do we go from here?

49 THE BOYS ARE WAITING FOR THE FLAPJACKS

(Tune—*The World is Waiting for the Sunrise*)

Cookie, the boys are waiting for the flapjacks,
 Every one with longing is sore;
 For say, you make them just the way we all want,
 And you bet, we all want more!

50

GRAND OLD WOLVERINE*

(Tune—*Dear Old Pal of Mine*)

Oh, how we love you, grand old Wolverine!
 There's no more heavenly trail that can be seen;
 Snowy peaks around you,
 Happy we that found you,
 Oh, how we love you, grand old Wolverine!
 *Jasper version—"Grand Old Lake Maligne."

51 **PORK AND BEANS**
 (A Round to the Tune of—*Three Blind Mice*)
 Pork and beans,
 Pork and beans,
 Pork and beans—
 Gee, how they fill!
 Gee, how they fill!
 Gee, how they fill!
 They all say bacon and eggs are right
 For those who may think they need a bite,
 But nothing can settle an appetite
 Like pork and beans!

52 **INDIAN TRAIL SONG**
 (Tune—By *The Waters of Minnetonka*)
 Moonlight—
 Long Night—
 Campfire burns low!
 Sunrise—
 Day's Eyes
 Find trail—we go!

 Cool shade—
 Pine glade
 Flowerscent beside—
 Birds sing,
 Deer spring
 As on we ride.

 Night falls—
 Sleep calls—
 Campfire burns bright!
 Moon beams
 Bring dreams
 Sweet with delight!

53 **SWEET IN THE SUMMER TIDE**
 (Tune—*Oft in The Silly Night*)
 Sweet in the summer tide
 The Alpine flowers are blooming
 And on the trails I ride,
 The lovely air perfuming;
 The gentian blue, the wild rose too,
 Bedewed at early morning,
 The immortelle, the heather bell,
 The mountain side adorning.

Refrain

Thus in the summer tide
 The Alpine flowers are blooming
 And on the trails I ride,
 The lovely air perfuming.
 There to the fragrant day
 I do my heart surrender,
 Laugh all my cares away
 Amid this flowery splendour;
 I stay to kiss the clematis,
 The saxifrage, the cresses,
 Bouquets I twine of columbine
 And hooded ladies' tresses.

54 **OH, MR. BREWSTER!**
 (Tune—*Oh, Mr. Porter*)

Oh, Mr. Brewster! What ever shall I do?
 I've gone and lost my pony and I'm feeling pretty blue.
 Fetch me out a new one as quickly as you can.
 Oh, Mr. Brewster; What a silly girl I am!

55 **OH, MR. CLOW**
 (Tune—*Sweet Genevieve*)
 Oh, Mr. Clow! Oh, Mr. Clow!
 For your fine charts our thanks we vow,
 And as we ink the trails we think
 How nice you are, dear Mr. Clow!

 Oh, Colonel Moore! Oh, Colonel Moore!
 There is one thing of which we're sure,
 When others grew to six foot two
 You stayed the right size, Colonel Moore!

56 **ON THE TRAIL**
 (Tune—*Over There*)
 On the trail, on the trail,
 As we ride, as we ride
 On the trail,
 You can hear us coming,
 The riders coming,
 The gay songs humming
 Every where.
 Give a hail, never fail,
 As we ride, as we ride
 Hill and dale;
 We are rovers,
 Not just left-overs,
 And we won't strike camp
 While there's light upon the trail.

57 **A GREAT CANADIAN PIONEER**
 (Tune—*The Scottish Cavalier*)
Dedicated to Tom Wilson
 Now listen to a little song, a little overdue,
 About a man whose sturdy worth is know to far too few;
 It is a song of olden times, say Eighteen Eighty-two,
 And of a woodsman stout and bold, who blazed the trails for you.
 A great Canadian pioneer, all of that olden time.
 In all this grand old Canada he was the greatest guide,
 He led the men who threw the rails across the Great Divide,
 The first white man at Lake Louise, the very first who spied
 The lovely lake of Emerald that is old Yoho's pride,
 This Great Canadian pioneer, all of that olden time.
 And when to hunt the mountain goat or deer or sheep
 he went,
 He hit the beasts he aimed at on the very spot he meant,
 And when at night to camp he came, his ammunition spent,
 He played black-jack and poker with the grizzlies iv his tent,
 This Great Canadian pioneer, all of that olden time.
 And when he told a fishing tale, you saw the fishes grow
 From mountain trout to whopping whales, all swim-
 ming in a row,
 And if at times you thought he had a tendency to blow,
 He said he caught the habit from those whales of long ago,
 This Great Canadian pioneer, all of that olden time.
 Now though in years he's getting on, his heart is young
 and green,
 He loveth all both great and small, and is well loved,
 I ween:
 Who could but love that genial face, a kindlier ne'er
 was seen?
 So here's his health, long life to him!—You know the
 man I mean,
 Our great Canadian pioneer, all of that olden time.

(Tune—*Roamin' in the Gloamin'*)

Ridin' and a-guidin'
 Where the trails are good and wide,
 Ridin' and a-guidin'
 With a lady at my side,
 With a Big Four on my head
 And my chapps all colored red,
 Oh, it's lovely ridin' and a-guidin'.

59 I'VE BEEN RIDIN' ON THE TRAIL RIDE

(Tune—*I've Been Workin' on the Railroad*)

Oh! I've been ridin' on the Trail Ride
 All the livelong day,
 I've been ridin' on the Trail Ride
 Just to pass the time away.

Don't you see the mileage growing,
 Rise up so early in the morn'
 Don't you hear the Colonel shouting—
 "Cookie, blow your horn!"?

60 THE OLD MOUNTAIN PONY

(Tune—*The Old Oaken Bucket*)

How dear to the heart are the Trails of the Rockies,
 The wonderful rides that the campfire recalls,
 The gleam of the lakes and the scent of the forest,
 The ford o'er the river, the spray of the falls,
 The birds and the chipmunks, the flowers and the
 grasses,
 The fish that we caught and the tracks of the game,
 The snow on the peaks and the green of the passes,
 The sheer of the cliffs and the sunset aflame,
 The old mountain pony,
 The wise little pony
 The sure-footed pony
 That follows the trail.

How dear to the heart are the scenes of the Trail Ride
 When pictures and stories revive them anew,
 The forest, the river, the mountain and valeside,
 The camps which again we in memory view,
 The Emerald Lake and the rainbow astride it,
 The garden of flowers that the Rockies regale,
 The blaze of the log fire, the teepee beside it,
 The old Indian pinto that follows the trail,
 The old Indian pinto,
 The iron-will'd pinto,
 The mountain-bred pinto
 That follows the rail.

61 THE NEW TOASTED BANNOCK

(Tune—*The Old Oaken Bucket*)

How dear to my heart are the scones of the trail ride
 When mild indigestion recalls them to mind;
 The flapjacks that pile up so deep in my inside,
 The hot little biscuit to which I'm inclined;
 The well-laden sinker that boldly I take on,
 The oatmeal, the fish that we caught in the lake,
 The pork and the beans and the eggs and the bacon,
 Above all the bannock that follows the steak,
 The new toasted bannock,
 The well risen bannock,
 The fresh soda bannock
 That follows the steak.

(Tune—*In a Little Spanish Town*)

Under Mount Assiniboine,
 'Twas in a Camp like this,
 Moon was like a silver coin,
 'Twas in a Camp like this,
 I whispered "How do you do?"
 But she said—"Skiddoo!"
 Many girls have lost a date
 Because they're far too smart;
 Many moons they have to wait
 And still they're in the cart;
 Leave 'em alone and you'll have perfect bliss
 Under Mount Assiniboine,
 Just in a Camp like this.

BEAUTIFUL BANFF

(Tune—*Mother Machree*)

There's a playground that God made for me and for
 you
 In the heart of the Mountains midst rivers of blue,
 And I know I'll not find though I search till I'm old
 Another like Banff with its wonders untold.

Refrain

Sure I love every mountain surrounding me here,
 And I love every streamlet so cool and so clear—
 I love every trail that I ride o'er each day,
 O my beautiful Banff—here would I stay!

There are mountains in Europe and peaks in Cathay,
 But there's none has the splendour the Rockies display—
 And though far I have wandered there's no place I know
 So lovely as Banff on the Banks of the Bow.

(Adapted from verses dedicated to the Banff Rotary
 Club by Harry Hutchcroft.)

CAMPFIRE'S BURNING

(A Round to the Tune of—*Scotland's Burning*)

Campfire's burning, campfire's burning!
 Sit around, Sit around!
 Pow!—Wow!

65 AS I WAS RIDING DOWN THE TRAIL

(Tune—*Rig-a-Jig-Jig*)

As I was riding down the trail,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho!
 A pretty girl gave me a hail,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho!

Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
 Away we go, away we go,
 Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho!

She wore her woolly chapps so wide,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho!
 She said—"I am a lady guide,"
 Heigho, heigho, heigho!
 Rig-a-jig-jig, etc.

I said, "You'll do for me, by gum!"
 Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho!
 Go on and guide till Kingdom Come,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho!"
 Rig-a-jig-jig, etc.

COME ON, TRAIL RIDE

(Tune—*Bye, Bye, Black Bird*)

Pack up all your camping kit,
 Don't forget
 Any bit!
 Come on, Trail Ride!
 Where a pony waits for you,
 She's a bird—
 So are you—
 Come on, Trail Ride!
 Here is where they love and understand you,
 Here is where a saddle soft they hand you,
 Make the bed and make it light,
 We'll arrive
 Stiff to-night,
 Trail Ride, Come on!
 Trail Ride, Trail Ride!
 Singing from far away
 Songs of mountains in store;
 Trail Ride, Trail Ride!
 Why do I sit and say,
 "Keep your eye on the door?"
 All through the winter you hung around
 Making me long to be outward bound,
 Trail Ride, Trail Ride!
 Got to be on my way,
 Can't stay here any more!

ASSINIBOINE!

(Tune—*Aloha Oe!*)

Proudly gleams the mountain in the sky,
 Superb in snowy ermine gown,
 While in camp around the fire we lie
 Singing songs of the trails that we've gone
 down—

Assiniboine, Assiniboine!
 We hail thee now in ever fond refrain,
 Where'er we wander near or far,
 We know we'll come to you again.

SKOOKUMCHUCK CAMP SONG

(Tune—*Turkey in the Straw*)

I'm a camper, I'm a rider from Skookumchuck
 I'm a rider from the North where they let 'em buck,
 I can rope 'em and corral 'em
 I can show you what to do;
 Come on, you campers, with the gum you chew!

I can swim and I can dive, I play tennis on cement,
 I take trips and come back feeling like the bill for last
 month's rent;
 I go fishing just like Coolidge,
 I go riding like the Prince,
 You know I've been to Skookumchuck and raving ever
 since.

TAKE A LITTLE PONY

(Lake Windermere Camp Song)

Take a little pony
 One that's not too bony,
 Choose a trail that's stony and steep, buddy.
 We'll sleep around the campfire
 Sleep beneath the starlight,
 Dream beneath the moonlight so white, buddy.
 We love the mountains and the pines,
 Our inspiration there we find for all time—
 Take a little pony
 One that's not too bony,
 Come and hit the trail with me!

THE YOHO VALLEY TRAIL

(Tune—*The Hills of Donegal*)

O night and day I'm dreaming of the Yoho Valley
 Trail,
 A-winding through the forest and across the rocky
 shale;
 And a rope I would be throwing to mount a pony new,
 And ride again the magic trail that once I rode with
 you. --

Chorus

O Yoho Valley Trail
 Your wonders never fail,
 And in your Alpine meadows there are flowers so
 sweet to see,
 And should Manitou prevail,
 Soon again I'll ride the Trail
 The Trail, the Yoho Valley Trail so dear to me.

I mind the foaming waterfalls that tumble from the
 heights,
 And see the campfire glowing in the balmy summer
 nights;
 And I mind the marmots piping when the Riders come
 and go,
 And the green and icy waters that from out the glacier
 flow.

Chorus

NATIONAL ANTHEMS

(Same Tune)

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious king,
 Long live our noble king,
 God save the king:
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us;
 God save the king.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

✧ THE MASSACRE OF THE BREWSTERS ✧

Oh Brew-sters swore a feud A - gainst the clan of Wal-ters,
 Marched in-to their camp with lar-i-ats and hal-ters; For they did re-solve To
 ex-tir-pate the vi-pers With four and twenty guides And five and thir-ty pip-ers Oh -
 Mm ----- mm ----- Mm ----- mm -----
 Mm ----- And that's the Brew-ster cho-rus.

2. Bill and Mrs Bill,
 Jim and Mrs Jimmie,
 Pat and Mrs Pat
 Did a Highland Shimmy;
 One of them in chapps,
 Two of them in breeches
 Three of them in kilts
 All were making speeches.
 Oh, etc.

3. This you may think strange,
 Thinking they are Paddies;
 They began to change
 Through eating Finnan Haddies.
 Irish they were born.
 But forgot their fathering,
 Drinking Scotch at morn
 At last year's Highland Gathering.
 Oh, etc.

6. Then round their necks
 Deftly put a rope on;
 Where the eagle pecks
 Hung them in the open.
 Thus the Brewsters died.
 For their souls do pray, Sirs;
 Where they now reside
 Is on the Hanging Glaciers.
 Oh, etc.

4. With them came a pack
 Made of Shetland ponies,
 Ready for attack
 With a bunch of Stonies.
 First on Walter Feuz,
 Then on Walter Nixon,
 Then on Walter D.
 Wilcox they laid their sticks on.
 Oh, etc.

5. But in Walter Feuz
 They did catch a Tartar,
 He was not the Swiss
 To meekly die a martyr.
 Out he took his ropes
 With yodels and with scowls
 And scattered all their hopes
 His pickaxe in their bowels.
 Oh, etc.

WRITTEN UNDER THE INSTRUCTIONS
 OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
 BY THE SECRETARY TREASURER.